

EYEWITNESSES  
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ASSASSINATION

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# The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Recollections and accounts of  
eyewitnesses

## Published accounts

Folder 3

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# An Eye Witness Describes the Ford

John D. Hutchinson, Drawing from His Vivid Recollection  
Corrects Various Details in the Commonly Accepted  
President Lincoln's Assassination.

IN all New York there is probably only one man now alive who was present at Ford's Theatre in Washington on that fatal night when President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth. He is John W. Hutchinson, for the last thirteen years purchasing agent for the Park Department. At the time of the assassination he was 22 years old and a First Lieutenant in the Thirtieth New York Cavalry Regiment. Mr. Hutchinson has a vivid recollection of what he saw at Ford's Theatre, and makes a point of reading whatever is written about it. The other day when he picked up a magazine giving a description of the tragedy he was struck by the fact that some of the statements therein did not agree with the facts as he remembered them.

The magazine article in question stated that there were actors on the stage at the time Booth jumped from the President's box, and that there was some doubt as to exactly what words the assassin spoke before making for the wings, and thence out the stage door to where his horse was in waiting. A reporter for the Sunday Times, who visited Mr. Hutchinson in his office at the old Arsenal Building, in Central Park, asked him to give his recollections of the night of the assassination from start to finish.

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"When I went to Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14," said Mr. Hutchinson, "I had just been released from Libby Prison at Richmond. At Danville, Va., I had been exchanged, together with 500 other Union officers.

"I went to the theatre with Capt. Hageman of my regiment, and was sitting with him half a dozen rows back from the stage in the middle of the house. The first act of 'Our American Cousin' was partly over when President Lincoln and his party entered a box to my right. From where I sat I could get a good side-face view of the President.

"During the intermission at the end of the first act of the play I heard a shot. Immediately after it a man jumped down from the box in which the President was to the stage. As he did so his foot caught in a flag draped across the front of the box and he fell forward, but almost instantly sprang again to his feet and faced the audience. Brandishing over his

head a knife he shouted: 'Sic semper tyrannis!'

"It all happened like a flash. Though Capt. Hageman and I were cavalry officers, accustomed to the quick movement of scouting duty, the assassin was too quick for us. As he jumped we sprang to our feet and drew our revolvers from our belts. But before we had a chance to take a shot at the murderer he had disappeared behind the scenes.

"There is no question in my mind about what I saw and heard. In the magazine article which I have just read it is stated that Booth ran across the stage, a few feet in front of Harry Hawk, who was playing the part of Asa Trenchard in 'Our American Cousin.' As I remember it, there were no actors on the stage at the time. The article also states that there is doubt as to whether Booth, when he brandished the knife over his head after leaping down from the President's box, said 'The South is avenged!' or 'Sic semper!' I plainly heard him say the words 'Sic semper tyrannis!' just before he made for the wings.

"No sooner had Booth disappeared from the front of the stage than a man somewhere in the rear of the orchestra seats

stood up and called: 'That's Wilkes Booth!' I think that this man was some attaché of the theatre.

"Capt. Hageman and I immediately ran from our seats to the front of the theatre and around to the alley which we knew to be at the rear of it. We were the first to reach this alley, I know, for we found it quite empty. There was a woman looking out of a window opening on the alley. I called up to her and asked whether she had seen anybody there.

"Yes," she answered, 'a man on horseback went galloping down the alley a few minutes ago.' Then she told me that this man had ridden up the alley about an hour before, stopped at the rear door of the theatre, and called for 'Ned.' This 'Ned,' it transpired later, was Spangler, the stage carpenter, afterward sentenced to imprisonment for life on the Dry Tortugas Islands. The woman at the window, I have since understood, was Mrs. Anderson, who was afterward called as a witness.

"After speaking with her Capt. Hageman and I entered the stage door of the theatre. Even then, as I remember it, there were no actors on the stage. Among those playing that evening was Laura

## Theatre Tragedy. of the Scene, Account of

the theatre and on the street I took a hack and drove out to my quarters, just in time, to hear the call of 'Boots and saddles.' I immediately took command of my company and made a circuit of the city, dropping a picket at every street.

"But by this time Booth was beyond the city limits. The Sixteenth New York Regiment, by the way, which was detailed to go into Virginia, and which eventually cornered the assassin, belonged to the same brigade as my regiment. We had no chance to take part in the pursuit of Booth, being kept on picket duty a whole week."

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Mr. Hutchinson had an active career as a soldier. He enlisted in New York in 1861 as a private in the Second New York Cavalry, Col. Kilpatrick, and joined the Army of the Potomac, then under McDowell. His baptism of fire was at Fredericksburg. Then he took part in continual reconnoitering and raiding operations until the battle of Cedar Mountain, after which his troop assisted in covering Pope's retreat, fighting every day. Afterward he was at the second battle of Bull Run, where his horse was shot under him; at the Fredericksburg battles under Burnside, at Chancellorsville, and on a raid with his cavalry regiment around Lee's army, in the course of which they made a complete circuit of the Richmond fortifications. He then took part in all the cavalry engagements preceding Gettysburg, and at that battle the regiment to which Mr. Hutchinson belonged was instrumental in keeping Stuart and his cavalry from joining Lee, a fact to which the Confederate leader is said to have attributed his defeat.

Soon afterward Mr. Hutchinson became a Lieutenant, did scout duty in Virginia, and was then taken prisoner and sent to Danville.

"It was a glorious day when we saw the flags again," he told the reporter.

His reason for going to Ford's Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, was to see Gen. Grant, who, both he and Capt. Hageman had understood, was to attend the performance. Lincoln's coming was a surprise to the two officers.

"I had seen the President only once before in my life," said Mr. Hutchinson, "and that was on the occasion of a military review at Arlington House."

Keene. Either Hageman or I said to her: 'That was Wilkes Booth who shot the President.' She and the others of the company whom we saw behind the scenes doubted the statement.

"Then we climbed down from the stage to the main part of the theatre again. There was the wildest excitement. All the audience was standing. Capt. Hageman and I pushed our way through the crowd to the lobby and then went outside.

"Already an immense crowd was gathered in the street in front of the theatre. They were wild with excitement. I feel sure that if they could have found a leader that night they would have attacked the prison where the rebel prisoners in Washington were confined. The cry of 'Let's burn the prison!' went up on every side. As it was, however, there was no violence. That very afternoon a large number of Confederate prisoners had been brought to Washington and marched along Pennsylvania Avenue to the prison. I stood in the crowd that watched them pass, and made a few good-natured remarks to them. They had a narrow escape from death that night.

"My battalion was then stationed in Seventh Street. As soon as I got out of








**HE SAW LINCOLN SHOT**, did Joseph H. Hazelton of Los Angeles, and he believes he is the only person still living who witnessed the shooting. Mr. Hazelton, 75 now, was a program boy in Ford's theater at Washington that tragic night sixty-three years ago.

(Photograph from International.)



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#### WILLIAM HERSHEY.

William Hershey, yet living at Dayton, a small village six miles east of Lafayette, was a soldier and stationed at Georgetown Heights, near Washington. He saw two things that nobody testified to in the trial, one being that he saw Booth peering through the aperture in the door to the President's box made by a gimlet, and the other that Booth did not jump from the box to the stage. He was not a witness, but his description is as follows:

"Three of us comrades went to the theater and took the first three chairs in the first row. Those were the only chairs in that row that were occupied. We had a very good view of the President's box, which was festooned with flags. Harry Hawk was the American cousin in the play. Laura Keene, a young, slender and beautiful girl, was his English cousin, coming over to visit in America, with an old lady acting as an attendant or chaperone.

"When Miss Keene landed in New York she was met by Hawk. He was a dashing young man. He ran to his English cousin and kissed her a number of times. The old lady watched this proceeding and stood with her hands raised in horror. When the American cousin was introduced to the old lady he proposed to embrace and kiss her. She didn't want anything of that kind, and from that time on whenever the old lady and the young man met they had a war of words—and she always came out ahead.

#### Spice of Play.

"Those two were the spice of the play. The last I remember of the play was that the American cousin was starting off to show his English cousin and her chaperon the city of New York.

"It was while the second scene of the third act was going on that President Lincoln and his party arrived. The play ceased and the band struck up several national airs. When the presidential party entered, the President was in the lead, with his plug hat in his right hand. He took great, long strides and his arms were swinging. He continued to take those long strides and swing his long arms as he passed around the circle toward his box. Right behind him came Mrs. Lincoln, a little short woman below the average size. Next came Miss Harris, and then Maj. Rathbone. There was one chair in the box which I think was a rocking chair. The President took that chair. He had his back to the door of the box. In the back of the box was what they call a settee. On that was seated, first, Mrs. Lincoln, then Miss Harris, then Maj. Rathbone.

"Shortly after the Presidential party entered I saw somebody put both hands on the door of the box. He seemed to be peering through a keyhole into the President's box. This man was about the same size and resembled Booth,

whom I afterward saw in the box and crossing the stage.

"The play went on. Finally the old lady in the play and Hawk appeared at the back of the stage. They were having a war of words. As they advanced toward the footlights they kept getting closer together. This was interesting to the audience. We were all well pleased and our whole attention was drawn to the players.

#### Gun Is Fired.

"They advanced to the footlights and stood a few moments. Then they commenced sidling off. They would stop and have a war of words again and then get farther apart. Finally Hawk disappeared immediately under the President's box. The old lady disappeared on the other side. Just then, 'Bang!' went a pistol. I could see a volume of powder smoke in the President's box, saw a man run, take hold of the railing around the President's box and attempt to swing over the railing to the stage. It was about nine feet from the railing to

the stage. That would have been quite a jump for a man. He intended to let himself down by holding to the railing. However, just as he was swinging over Maj. Rathbone sprang forward and grabbed his coat sleeve. Rathbone only held him for a moment. Booth had his dirk in his right hand. He reached out and whacked the major across the hand. The major relaxed his hold and the man dropped to the stage. I think right there is when he injured his limb.

"When Booth was hanging over the railing, I don't think his feet were more than two feet or thirty inches from the stage. It seemed to me that when he dropped he twisted his body, due to Maj. Rathbone's interference and to the fact that the spur on his boot caught in the blue part of one of the flags with which the railing was festooned. Then, I think, is when he wrenched his leg.

"When the major let loose of Booth, the latter's body seemed to swing around facing the box. However, he recovered himself quickly when he struck the stage. He started immediately across the stage with his dirk in his left hand. I judge the blade of the dirk was about six inches long. It glistened in the light. When he got about half way across the stage he uttered the words 'Sic semper tyrannis.'

"There was considerable excitement in the theater. None of us at first realized what had happened. A great many of us thought the firing of the pistol was a part of the play. The curtain did not fall. Miss Keene ran out to the box and came back again to the stage and made the announcement: 'O, the President has been assassinated.'"

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**A**MONG those who witnessed John Wilkes Booth's tragic deed in Ford's Theater on the night of April 14, 1865, when Laura Keene and her company were presenting "Our American Cousin," there were a number of Indiana men, principally soldiers. Probably there are but four of those Indianians now living to tell of Lincoln's assassination from memory as the sad scene was impressed upon them that night. This list includes John S. Duncan, lawyer, and Morris M. Defrees, contractor, of Indianapolis; William Hearsey of Dayton, Tippecanoe County, and Capt. O. C. Gatch of near Aurora.

The story of Capt. Gatch was first given to the public by The Sunday Star in August, 1907, although a monthly magazine which published the story in its recent January number asserted that it was giving its readers hitherto unpublished material. Capt. Gatch was one of the few who noted the approach of Booth to the President's box, saw him give his card to the guard, push by, and had hardly turned his eyes to the stage again when the fatal shot rang out. Of the many people who crowded the theater probably not more than half a dozen saw Booth enter the box, and only one or two persons actually saw him draw a pistol and fire. Capt. Gatch, because his brother was a physician and his services were demanded, was one of the few to enter the box after the shooting and assist in caring for the President. He also helped Maj. Rathbone, Dr. Gatch, his brother, and the guard carry Lincoln across the street to the Smith residence, and was one of those at the bedside when the great emancipator breathed his last at 7:22 o'clock the next morning, April 15. He then helped place the body in a hearse.

The stories of the assassination as told by Messrs. Hearsey, Duncan and Defrees are practically the same. As a soldier Mr. Hearsey happened to be in Washington, and, having heard of the fame of Laura Keene as an actress, and also of the fact that the President would attend, went to Ford's Theater to pass the evening.

Mr. Duncan and a boyhood friend, Samuel Tilford, who is a railway mail clerk in the employ of the Big Four and who formerly lived in Indianapolis, attended the theater with a farmer. Mr. Defrees resided in Washington, as his father was public printer during the Lincoln administration. He and his sister sat in a row behind the Indianapolis youths at the performance.

"Tilford and I left here with a consignment of mules," said Mr. Duncan, "as assistants to a farmer named Jones, who is now dead. We had a rough trip, and arrived in Washington at 10 o'clock on the day Lincoln was killed. That night we went to Ford's Theater to see Laura Keene in 'Our American Cousin.'"

"At one time during the performance there was no one on the stage. I heard a shot, and saw Booth drop from the President's box on to the stage. He almost fell, and staggered the entire length of the platform. He disappeared, and then followed the wildest excitement. Women fainted in all parts of the house, and men seemed unable to grasp the situation. Laura Keene came out and did her best to quiet the panic-stricken people, but within a few minutes the theater was cleared.

"There were scenes of even greater excitement on the streets. People seemed mad, and everybody was looking for Booth. Washington was frantic, and I will never forget the terrible happenings of that eventful night. Every train leaving Washington was carefully searched, and I was glad to pass inspection and get out next morning.

In recalling the tragedy, Mr. Defrees said: "I noticed Booth—a handsome man—a matinee idol—standing near the President's box, but didn't think anything of it. Then the revolver was fired and Booth dropped on to the stage and pulled himself across. My sister and I heard him say 'The South is avenged,' or something to that effect. Col. Baker started after Booth, but he made his escape. Such a scene of excitement can not be described. Women and children were fainting on every hand, and I had a time in getting my sister out of the house. I was at home from college on a vacation. Washington was in a hubbub for days following, and we were all glad when the conspirators were at last in custody and Booth was shot."

Mr. Defrees knew Lincoln personally, and the President at one time offered him a place in Westpoint or Annapolis, but his father refused to let him accept.

"I remember one time," said Mr. Defrees, "father and I were at the White House when some crank was trying to induce Lincoln to put a patent breastplate in army circles. He wore the armor and was endeavoring to convince the President that the step would mean much. The crank, however, disappeared when Lincoln ordered him

to stand at one end of the room while a guard fired a few shots in testing the supposed wonderful breastplate."

Mr. Defrees's father, John D. Defrees, who was appointed public printer by Mr. Lincoln, was a close friend of the great President.

Another eyewitness of Lincoln's assassination was Gen. Rodolf Brinkerhoff, a well-known banker of Mansfield, O. There is probably no better account of the tragic event than that contained in his book of reminiscences. The Star is indebted to him for permission to publish a portion of his account, which follows:

"It was a memorable day, that 13th day of April, 1865. As for us in Washington city, we were already hoarse with shouting the day before. The bells and cannon clanged and boomed with hoarseness greater than usual. The news of the collapse of the rebellion rolled and surged over the country like a rushing, mighty wind. The strain of anxiety which for four long years had rested upon the nation like a nightmare dream had been lifted. Millions of firesides, upon hilltops and in valleys, glowed with a brighter luster as news of victory floated in the air.

"I recall my own feelings by the closing paragraph of a letter written home that morning. It is as follows: 'I will write you further tomorrow, when, perhaps, I can see through a clearer medium than blinding tears.' It is with this letter as a verifier that I give my recollections of the assassination. The morning papers of April 14 had announced the arrival of Gen. Grant in the city, and the evening papers made the further announcement that in company with the President he would be at Ford's Theater that night.

"From want of inclination, or want of time, I have never been much of a theater-goer myself, but I had a couple of friends who had never seen Gen. Grant. Therefore, for the first time in Washington, I concluded to go with them. We went early in order to select our position. The night was dark, for there was no moon until after 10 o'clock, and my recollection also is that it was cloudy, with a gloomy mist in the air. At any rate as we came down the avenue from the War Office and passed E street, we noticed in front of Grover's Theater, which was a little distance to the left, a large transparency, and, as it was the only one visible, we gave it attention; but as the air was misty and smoky we could not make out the inscription distinctly. At each end, however, there was a separate inscription; that on the left was 'April, 1861, the Cradle.' That on the right was 'April, 1865, the Grave.'"

"'Rather ominous, that,' said one of the party. 'They must be rebels,' said another. Of course it meant the cradle and grave of the rebellion, but its indistinctiveness confirms my recollection of the mistiness of the night. We remembered it afterward as an omen of evil.

"We passed on to Tenth street, and, having entered the theater, we took seats diagonally opposite the President's box and upon the same floor. The President's box was upon the second floor, which was 12 feet 8 inches above the stage. The two boxes on that floor had been thrown into one by removing the partition between them. The box was festooned with flags, so that we knew it was the President's.

"The play commenced and had been in progress quite a while, perhaps half an hour, when the President came in. He was greeted by a storm of applause as he passed on to his box. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Maj. Rathbun. Gen. Grant had concluded not to come, and was then on his way to Philadelphia.

"Mr. Lincoln took a seat in an armchair (a rocking chair) on the side next to the audience. Mrs. Lincoln was at his right, near the center of the box, and Miss Harris at the farther side. Maj. Rathbun was seated on

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a sofa near Miss Harris, a little back from the front. Mr. Lincoln, for the first time during my knowledge of him, seemed cheerful and happy. I had seen him often during his presidential term, commencing with his inauguration in 1861, and a sadder face I never saw. But now the load seemed lifted and every vestige of care and anxiety had passed away. He seemed to enjoy the play very much. The play was 'Our American Cousins,' and Laura Keene was the star of the evening.

"Everything passed on very pleasantly until about 10 o'clock or a little later. It was in the third act, in the milkmaid scene, when one of my friends called my attention to the President's box with the remark, 'There's a reporter going to see Father Abraham.' I looked and saw a man standing at the door of the President's box, with his hat on and looking down upon the stage. Presently he took out a card case, or something of that kind, from his side pocket and took out a card. It is said he showed it to the President's messenger outside, but I saw nothing of the kind, in fact I saw no other man there aside from those seated in the audience. He took off his hat and put his hand on the door knob, and went into the little hall or corridor back of the box. I then turned to the play. Presently, I can not say how soon, it may have been two, three or five minutes, I heard a pistol shot. I turned to the President's box and saw a man flash to the front, with face as white as snow, and hair as black as a raven.

"My first impression was that it was a part of the play. The man put his left hand upon the front railing and went over, not with a clean sweep but with a kind of scramble, first one leg and then the other. It evidently was his intention to spring over as we swing over a fence, but his spur, as appeared afterward, caught in the flag, and hence the scramble.

"As he went over, or possibly after reaching the stage, he shouted very clearly and distinctly: 'Sic semper tyrannis,' and then for the first time it flashed upon me that the whole thing meant assassination. The Virginia coat of arms, with its device, had been familiar to me from childhood, and of course, with 'Sic semper tyrannis' ringing clearly through the hall, I understood it at once. The man struck the floor and sank down partially, but immediately rose up and, brandishing a double-edged dagger which glittered in the gas light, he passed diagonally across the stage, with his face to the audience, and went out. He did not run; it was a swift stage walk,

and was evidently studied beforehand, like everything else he did for effect. It is said his leg was broken by the fall, but I saw no evidence of it in his gait.

"For a moment there was a stillness of death. The audience seemed paralyzed. No sound whatever came from the box that I heard. It is said in various accounts that Mrs. Lincoln shrieked. I heard no shriek. Maj. Rathbun testified that he shouted 'Stop that man.' I heard nothing of the kind, and I believe I could have heard a whisper. I saw Mr. Lincoln seated in a chair with his head dropped upon his breast, but in all other respects he retained the position he had before he was shot.

"Quite a little interval passed before anything was said or done. By interval I mean twenty, thirty or forty seconds, which under such circumstances seem a long time. Then some of the audience rose up; others sat still. Here and there inquiries came as to whether the President was hurt.

"In company with Maj. Potter (a paymaster in the army), I started for the box, but before we got there others had found that it was barred on the inside. In the meantime Miss Keene had gone into the box from the stage entrance, and perhaps one or two others; at any rate an inquiry was made for a surgeon, and a crowd gathered around the box. There was no uproar or confusion at any time. After a few moments the door was opened and Mr. Lincoln was carried out along the back side of the dress circle and out at the front. I was close behind, and as we went downstairs I noticed a splash of blood at every step. His face was very pale, and the stamp of death upon it, which once seen rarely deceives us.

"As we reached the street news began to come of other assassinations. The Vice President had been killed; Mr. Seward had been murdered, also Mr. Stanton. In fact the air was full of rumors of blood, and for a time it looked as if there might be a second St. Bartholomew in progress. I immediately passed down Tenth street for a sight of the signal station upon the Winder Building, and soon saw signals to the army and answers from the fortifications, and knew that an uprising would be quickly suppressed.

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"Booth had a certain amount of reckless physical courage, and was a gamey looking fellow, but there was no moral basis to his character, and hence I can not find any motive in him to do this deed except vanity and a morbid love of notoriety. He showed these traits in his death, the circumstances of which were related to me by Col. Conger, who was in command of the soldiers who captured him.

"Booth and Harold were driven into a barn in Maryland and surrounded. Harold gave himself up, but Booth refused. He knew it was death anyhow, and, therefore, true to his instincts of notoriety, he determined to put himself in an attitude suitable for the final close of the play and the fall of the curtain. To the summons to surrender he replied: 'If you withdraw your men in line, 100 yards from the door, I will come out and fight you.' He was told they did not come to fight, but to capture him. He then proposed that if the soldiers would withdraw fifty yards he would come out and fight them. Upon receiving the same reply as before he replied, in a theatrical voice, 'Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.'

"After all the necessary dispositions has been made of the troops, with orders to take him alive if possible, Conger made a final demand of Booth to give himself up. He refused. It was a dark night, and dark as a wolf's mouth, so that nothing could be seen thus far. Conger then took a match from his pocket and lighted some hay through a crevice in the barn. The flames at once rushed up the side of the barn and rolled over the haymow in a vast volume of light. Booth was revealed standing in the center of the barn floor, leaning upon crutches, with a carbine in his hand and in a stage attitude of a robber at bay. He looked all around, but seeing no audience he started for the door, but before reaching it he was shot by Sergt. Corbett."

## Octogenarian Present at Ford Theater Tragedy Recalls All Details.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

SAND SPRINGS, OK., December 21.—

"I was sitting within a few feet of Mr. Lincoln when he was assassinated. I saw Booth walk along the aisle next to the wall and pass through the door onto the stage. I was watching him closely, but not suspiciously. He walked up behind the president, and before I knew or realized what he was up to he stepped nimbly aside and a deafening shot rang out. It was all done so quick no one seemed to realize what had happened. While it may seem incredible, I leaped from the small railing around the orchestra to the footlights and was within a few inches of the assassin when he dodged around some scenery. I followed and know I would have caught him when he fell had it not been for some of the excited stage hands who blocked my way."

The man who gave out this interview to-day is Col. John Chubbock, who was born August 23, 1829, in Bradford County, Pa., and was for many years assistant commissioner of agriculture under Isaac Newton, and for more than thirty years an officer of the law among the Cherokee and Osage Indians. Col. Chubbock is the man who came very near capturing Booth, and probably would have had Booth not made the leap which was supposed to have resulted in a broken leg, about which Col. Chubbock is doubtful. It was Col. Chubbock who touched the match to the barn wherein the remains of President Lincoln's assassin was supposed to have been consumed. The colonel is at the present time deputy sheriff of Tulsa County and special officer at Sand Springs Park.

Col. Chubbock has always been in doubt as to whether the man in the barn was Booth. Some years ago he went to Enid, Ok., to view the remains of a suicide who was supposed to be none other than Booth. He unhesitatingly stated to-day that it was his opinion that the suicide at Enid was Lincoln's assassin, and that the man who was burned in the barn was not Booth. Col. Chubbock, upon being questioned, said:

"I sometimes feel positive the dead man I saw in Enid was Booth, and again, I look back over the many intervening years, and think I may be mistaken. You, of course, understand that my eyesight, while I do not wear glasses, is not so good as it was on that memorable night; and furthermore, I take into account the personal appearance of the living at that time and the dead man I saw at Enid. And, as I say, I may be mistaken. I have nothing absolute to go by, only the stealthy, cat-like movements of the actor as he approached his victim and the frenzied dash of the murderer after the terrible deed had been perpetrated.

"I came from Springfield, Ill., to the Cherokee Nation about forty years ago, and since then have lived among the Cherokee, Creek and Osage tribes. In the early days I carried a commission as a deputy United States marshal and frequently took part in court proceedings at Fort Smith, Ark., when Judge Parker was on the bench.





# HE SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

James N. Mills of Brooklyn writes to the New York Sun as follows: "I was born in Brooklyn in 1845, so that at the outbreak of the war I was under sixteen years of age. I wanted to go to the front as a drummer boy, but when I applied to the officers of a regiment called the 'Brooklyn Phalanx,' afterward known as the First Long Island Regiment, they told me I was too young. I afterward made my way to Washington without my mother's consent and enlisted as a drummer boy in 1862. I served in the Army of the Potomac for three years, and during the closing days of the war was a clerk in the War Department.

"On the night of the assassination of President Lincoln I attended the theatre to see Laura Keane in 'Our American Cousin.' The theatre was packed. There must have been two thousand people in the house, everyone desirous of seeing the President and General Grant, who was expected to be present. After the President took his seat in the box and the cheering ceased, the crowd was absolutely still. I can only account for their silence by the fact that it was a cosmopolitan crowd, representing about every regiment located near Washington, and including travellers from every State in the Union.

"General Grant did not attend, and Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and Colonel Rathbone of the United States Army, made up the presidential party. They occupied the right-hand box on the dress circle.

"The third act of the play had begun and Harry Hawk, an actor in the company, had just appeared on the stage from the left, when there was the report of a pistol shot. Looking over at the President's box I saw a man standing and gesticulating at the occupants. An instant later the man jumped from the box to the stage, turned, looked at the audience and then disappeared. He muttered something as he looked toward the audience, but I have never been able to recall just what he said.

"Instantly the audience arose as if spell-bound, the whisperings of a moment before became a roar of voices, and when it dawned upon the audience that the President had been assassinated the confusion was indescribable. I made my way to the head of the stairs as quickly as the crowded condition of the house would permit, and, passing out into Tenth street, gave the alarm to the provost guards. These guards, by the way, were stationed at all theatres to examine the passes of soldiers in uniform who were in the city after nightfall. The guard I spoke to ran around to the alley entrance of the theatre on F street and entered the back door.

"I returned to the front of the theatre and made my way to the dress circle and to the private box of the presidential party just as Mr. Lincoln was being carried out on the shoulders of two men. One of these was the proprietor of a saloon adjoining the theatre. He was in his shirt sleeves, the head of Mr. Lincoln resting on his shoulder and the blood trickling down the sleeves and the back of his shirt. The President was carried down stairs and across the street into Mrs. Peterson's boarding-house directly opposite the theatre. As Mrs. Lincoln was for the moment without an escort, I gently grasped her arm and led her from the box. She was nearly hysterical, crying and sobbing bitterly. We followed the men as they carried Mr. Lincoln across the street. He was placed on a bed in a room on the ground floor, where he died the following morning.

"The proprietor of the saloon who carried Mr. Lincoln from the theatre subsequently informed me that John Wilkes Booth had spent a few moments in his place just before the close of the second act of the play. While there he drank nearly a glass full of brandy."

# SENT WHEN HE DIED.

Men Are Now Alive Who Stood by the Deathbed of Abraham Lincoln.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1901. Of those who stood at the deathbed of Abraham Lincoln, three men are now living. One is Dr. Charles A. Leale of this city. The others are Robert T. Lincoln and secretary Hay.

Dr. Leale was, in 1865, a surgeon in charge of the Armory Square Hospital in Washington. On the night of April 14, 1865, he went to Ford's Theatre, where Miss Laura Keane was appearing in "Our American Cousin." He did not see the fatal shot fired, but, realizing that the President had been injured, he was among the first to reach the box. He at once took charge, at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, and had the President placed on his back on the floor of the box. "My first thought," said Dr. Leale, "was to get the President to a place of safety. All of us thought there was a plot to blow up the theatre, and we felt that the mine might be fired at any moment. The first thing I said, and the same words were telegraphed that night all over the earth, was: 'His wound is mortal. He cannot recover.'"

"The other physicians, Dr. Taft and Dr. H. E. A. King, then came to my assistance, and the President was carried across the street. Several army officers and soldiers went in advance of us with drawn swords, and cleared the way. The President was carried to the second floor and placed on a bed. On account of his height, for he was 6 feet 4 inches, Mr. Lincoln was laid diagonally on the bed. As his spirit passed away I was holding his right hand."

# A Memorable Anniversary.

To-morrow will be the thirtieth anniversary of the gloomiest Easter that the people of this republic have ever known—the thirtieth anniversary of a day when the whole civilized world was watching a nation just emerged from a long internecine struggle, suddenly confronted with a new menace that meant its continuance as a government, or its disruption, amid more anarchy, more blood.

April 14, 1865, fell on Good Friday. Five days before had come the surrender at Appomattox. The war of the rebellion, begun with the firing on Sumter four years before, had reached its end. The whole country, weary of strife, heard the glad news with devout thanksgiving. In the large Eastern cities the joy was almost tumultuous. The morning of the eleventh of April was signalized by public demonstrations of gratitude. The sword was at last to be beaten back into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning hook. On Good Friday the preachers in the pulpits caught the popular spirit, and after a proper observance of the religious requirements of the day, fell into the general strain of joyousness, and praised God that peace once more blessed the land, and that fraternal strife had ceased.

That night, in the city of Washington, a band of conspirators, refusing to abide by the arbitrament of arms just rendered, frenzied with a chimerical hope that they might reverse the verdict of the armies of the people, sated with an unreasoning and cruel hate, conceived a plot so diabolical in its intent and scope that the civilized world stood aghast. Abraham Lincoln,

the beloved Chief Magistrate of the American Republic, was stricken down by the hand of an assassin. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, narrowly escaped a similar fate. The design was to destroy the other executive officers of the government, and the one victim who met the fate to which he had been condemned was the President.

What a memorable day followed! The general rejoicing was turned into mourning that appalled. The struggle of four long, weary years appeared for twenty-four trembling, uncertain hours as if it might be renewed. When Easter Sunday morning came with its bright sunshine and balmy air, the cities were in mourning. The day of gladness had been turned into a day of sadness, and it was not until the sun had risen the next morning that the people knew whether their government was tottering on the brink of a new revolution or whether it would come out of its fearful trial with new hope and strength for the future.

Easter, 1865, was an epoch in our history.

*Evening Mail N.Y. 4-13-1895*





## ***Easton Woman Who Saw Lincoln Shot Observes 90th Natal Anniversary***

***Mrs. Eleanor C. Transue, Widow of Union Army Surgeon,  
Was in Ford's Theatre With Husband  
Night of April 14, 1865***

Few people who were in Ford's Theatre, Washington, the night of April 14, 1865, when Abraham was shot, are now living. Mrs. Eleanor C. Transue, however, is one of these few and on Sunday at the home of her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cole, 71 North Seventh street, Easton, she celebrated her 90th birthday. She is enjoying excellent health.

Mrs. Transue was born on December 9, 1838, near Hope's lock, above Island Park, on the Lehigh River. Her husband was a surgeon in the Union army. At the close of the Civil War they were making their home in Washington and on the night of April 14, 1865 went to see the play, "Our American Cousin."

Seated in the front row of the first balcony, Mrs. Transue had an ex-

cellent view of President Lincoln and his party who were in a lower box. While interested in the play, Mrs. Transue, according to the story which she still enjoys telling, was suddenly startled by a revolver shot.

She was further startled she relates, when a man, John Wilkes Booth, jumped from the president's box to the stage below and then, picking himself up disappeared behind the curtain with a broken leg.

After the audience realized the president had been shot the theatre was in uproar. She and Dr. Transue immediately went home, Mrs. Transue tells.

Following the death of her husband about 25 years ago, Mrs. Transue lived for a while in Bethlehem township, near Stone's Crossing, but moved to Easton about twenty years ago. *Easton, Penn.*





# EYE WITNESS TELLS OF SCENE WHEN ASSASSIN SHOT LINCOLN

Mrs Milligan Denies Current Belief That Audience in Ford Theatre Became Panic-Stricken



MRS CALEB MILLIGAN  
Bremerton, Wash, Woman Who Was in Ford Theatre the Night  
Lincoln Was Shot.

Special Dispatch to the Globe  
SEATTLE, Wash, Feb 22.—While the Nation today was celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, there was in the little Navy Yard city of Bremerton an 80-year-old woman whose mind dwelled alone upon the fateful night when the Great Emancipator met his death.

She is Mrs Caleb Milligan, probably the only living person who was in the Ford Theatre in Washington, D C, the evening that Lincoln was shot. Mrs Milligan was 17 years old at the time of Lincoln's assassination. She attended the performance of "The American Cousin" unknown to her mother in company with the wife of a janitor at the theatre who was her cousin.

"It is in my mind as though it were yesterday," says Mrs Milligan, referring to the assassination of Lincoln, "though at the time I did not realize what had happened until several minutes after it was all over."

## Gasp Breaks Silence

"When we heard a shot fired in one of the boxes, we thought that it was a part of the play. Then John Wilkes Booth jumped from President Lincoln's box on the left side as you enter the theatre onto the stage. As he jumped his spur caught in some of the bunting which decorated the box, and his leg was injured when he landed on the stage.

He raised his hand shouting something which I could not understand but historians say was 'Sic Semper Tyrannis.' I believe that for the moment nearly everyone in the theatre thought as I did that it was all a part of the performance, and of course it had been so arranged by the plotters that the audience would think just that. It seemed to me that minutes passed while all we heard was the commotion attending Booth's escape before a man jumped on to the stage and shouted that Lincoln had been shot.

"There was a deadly silence that spoke louder than the loudest shrieks. This was broken by a gasp that seemed to come simultaneously from every throat. Then cool heads averted a panic, the names of everyone in the theatre were taken, and everyone filed silently out of the house as though stunned.

## Acquainted With Assassin

"There was some commotion when those in the audience arose to leave their seats, and I understood that some were slightly hurt in trying to get out of the seats, but I cannot agree with stories that I have read in which it was stated that there was a panic as the house was emptied.

"Recognition of the terrible tragedy that had happened was not expressed by a violent demonstration. I am very emphatic in stating that it was an orderly crowd that left the Ford Theatre with the exception of the few who had first jumped on to the stage and joined in the pursuit of Booth.

"When I reached home by mother scolded me severely, telling me that the theatre was no place for me to go. My cousin had gone home with me, and she and I both told my mother that it must have been all right for me to go there as President Lincoln was there. Then she told my mother of the President being shot and she was almost broken-hearted."

Mrs Milligan's great-great-grandfather was an English Lord, who settled at Jamestown, Va, and for years Mrs Milligan, then Annie S. Brown, lived in that State on the banks of the historic Potomac River. She is a second cousin of Jefferson Davis.

Mrs Milligan was acquainted with John Wilkes Booth and knew Mrs Mary E. Suratt, at whose house the assassination plot was formed. Mrs Suratt paid for her participation in the plot with her life on the gallows.

Nine years ago Mrs Milligan fell and broke a limb, and since that time has been able to move about only with the assistance of crutches or a wheelchair.





# DRAMATIC MOMENT IN HISTORY WHEN LINCOLN SHOT RECALLED BY AGED ANAHEIM RESIDENT

*California Daily Register Feb 11 1933*

An eyewitness to the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday anniversary is to be observed tomorrow, Mrs. Virginia E. Lucas of Anaheim recalled for her great-grandchildren, upon the occasion of her ninety-first birthday, celebrated this week, the story of that dramatic moment when a pistol shot suddenly broke the quiet of Ford theater as the great emancipator became the victim of an assassin's bullet.

On that eventful night she was seated in an orchestra chair, beside her young husband, their seats being only a few feet forward, and below, the box of the President of the United States that was colorfully draped with flags.

"It was the beginning of the second act of 'My American Cousin,' the President and Mrs. Lincoln having just seated themselves, and we were watching them, when there was a stir of the curtains, a man stepped in and a shot resounded through the hall," she said, recalling the scene. "My husband clutched me by the arm and said, 'By George, they have shot the president!' His head fell forward and Mrs. Lincoln screamed. Then all was confusion, men and women jumping to their feet while John Wilkes Booth was even then in the act of leaping from the President's box to the stage, catching his spurs in the draped flags, stumbling and then running wildly across the stage to the rear door, where a horse awaited him.

"Instantly we were told to keep our seats as no one would be allowed to leave and the great doors were locked upon us. Soon a guard of six men entered and bore the President across the street, where he died the next morning without regaining consciousness."

In speaking of the rest of that historical night, Mrs. Lucas remembered how they shortly left the theater and wandered in the streets where large crowds of people had quickly gathered to talk hysterically of the shooting. Soon, worn out with the excitement, they went home, only to find that they could not rest so again returned to the streets.

"Whenever two or more people stopped to talk officers quickly appeared and dispersed the groups," she said. Later she and her husband saw the president lying in state and attended his funeral. Many times they had seen the familiar figure of the president walking down the street, riding in his carriage or on horseback and numerous times they had attended receptions in the White House.

## SAW SHOOTING

Mrs. Virginia E. Lucas, 91, of Anaheim, saw the shooting of President Lincoln in Ford's theater in 1865.



Adding a finishing touch to her tale she said, "I remember that I was wearing, that night, a black silk party frock, made over a hooped skirt. In those days I wore my straight, black hair parted in the center, pulled over the ears and wound in a coil low on my neck."

Twice married and having had two children, the spectator of this dramatic bit of history now lives at 317 East Cypress street with her granddaughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Rogers.





# Eye-Witness Describes Tragic Scene at Theatre as Lincoln Fell Before Assassin

Boston Post 2-11-23

Little Henry Polkenhorn had been sent to bed early, but—

He slid down the bannister and stole away to Ford's Theatre—

Just in time to see enacted the greatest tragedy in the history of the American nation—

*"A flash of fire—and Mr. Lincoln crumpled forward—"*

Here, for Sunday Post readers, is the story of how one of the few men now living saw the assassination of the great Lincoln.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 11.

Henry Polkenhorn, 1533 P street, N. W., Washington, D. C., was a little lad of about 12 at the time of Lincoln's assassination, and, despite the dimming years, that one event is as fresh in his memory as if lived but yesterday.

Little Henry, as he was dubbed by the older members of the immediate family, climbed the stairs to bed on the evening of that Black Friday of April 14, 1865, his copper-toed boots punctuating with a decided period every step of the way.

He was home from school at Georgetown to spend the Easter holidays, and was especially anxious to attend this particular performance of "Our American Cousin."

His father, E. Polkenhorn, printed the programmes for the theatre, as well as much of the government printing, and little Henry had entree at all times to Ford's Theatre, where he would slide into the best seat available. On this evening, however, he was stranded high on the desert isle of a stern mother's disapproval of small boys hanging around playhouses at any time. This, in fact, was one of the principal reasons for his sojourn at Georgetown.

## Played "Hookey" to See Lincoln

Little Henry's intense and vociferously expressed desire to see, not only Mr. Lincoln, but also General Grant, who was expected to be present at the play that night, fell on deaf ears. Arguments and pleas by his sisters in his behalf made no impression.



Henry Polkenhorn as he looked when he saw Lincoln shot.

The usual programme of bed shortly after supper was carried out.

After his sisters had departed with their escorts for their party, who is to say that the small dark figure with boots tied together and hung about his neck, that slid down the bannister was not little Henry?

After a hasty glance behind at the quiet couple reading in the living room, it stealthily crept toward the door. Once outside, a moment sufficed to draw on the copper-toed boots and, joyous as a bird set free, it skimmed down the street through the driving rain.

"Hi, Misto—" to the doorman, was little Henry's "open sesame."

It was getting rather late, but he crawled up through the trap into the pit and found a vacant seat in the orchestra just opposite the President's flag-draped box. He liked that side, where he could watch at close range

the fascinating little man make the big base viol groan by the simple act of sawing across its tummy. He was sorry when the director put an end to its misery.

Little Henry took time to look for the martial figure of General Grant which had fired his boyish imagination. Not finding it, he slid out of his seat and sidled up to the director. He glanced up to the President's box.

## The Great Tragedy

"Mr. Will—" he began.

The sentence was never completed.

A figure leaned out of the shadows toward the President.

A flash of fire—a pistol crack!

Then a dark-haired, slender man leaped from the box, stumbled and fell onto his hands and knees—was up again like a sword erect.

With a wild, dramatic gesture, eyes ablaze in a chalk-white face, the man shouted something little Henry did not understand, then ran across the stage and disappeared into the wings.

Uncomprehending, the audience sat spellbound in a death-like hush.

Little Henry saw Mr. Lincoln crumple forward. Then the long-drawn wailing note of a woman in distress cut straight through to the heart strings.

And a wild uproar!

Believing the assassin might be within the confines of the house, all exits were hastily closed and guarded. The throng milled and struggled and shouted in vain. All but little Henry.

Shocked and terrified by what he had seen and the tumult going on, he howled unremittently until someone sang out, "Let the kid go home—he is not guilty!"

## "Lincoln Has Been Shot!"

Mother was still at her mending in the circle of lamplight, and Father Polkenhorn was gently dozing at intervals over his paper, when the peaceful scene was interrupted by the crash of a violently-closed door and a gust of wind. A wild-eyed, breathless lad, with a face streaked with tears, flung himself into their midst.

"Muh-muh-muh-Muster Lincoln!" he gasped.

"Henry!"

"Henry—what is the matter?"

Shaking with excitement, little Henry finally told his story. Convinced at last of its truth, the father arose. The boy had not been in bed—dreaming or no dreaming.

Without stopping to pull on his boots, grabbing his hat as he ran, Mr. Polkenhorn went to the theatre. In a short time he returned, trembling and white of face.

"It is true," he said. "Mr. Lincoln has been shot!"





## LINCOLN DIED 46 YEARS AGO

Flag on House He Died In Is Washington's  
Only Outward Mark of Anniversary—  
New York's Flags at Half-Staff

Washington, April 15—Further than the flying of the American flag from the window of the house in which Abraham Lincoln died, there was little outward indication here that today was the forty-sixth anniversary of the martyred President's death. The house now contains the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics, notable among them the death mask of Lincoln. Several States commemorated the anniversary of the assassination of the martyred President, among them New York, where the flags on the public buildings were flown at half staff. It is a singular coincidence that Good Friday this year fell upon April 14, since it was the night of Good Friday in 1865 that Lincoln was shot. He lingered until the next morning.

## Saw Lincoln Killed Dos Palos Man Pioneer Seized Slayer's Gun

DOS PALOS, Nov. 9.—Among the keepsakes of the late W. H. Taylor, who recently died in Dos Palos, were found the blood stained program of the production "Our American Cousins," which the martyred Lincoln held when he was shot in Ford's theater April 14, 1865.

Mr. Taylor was near the President when the tragedy occurred and picked up the murderer's revolver and turned it over to the police.

He had charge of the first railroad train which invaded the west in the early days, being conductor on the Union Pacific, when its initial trip was made in 1870.

He was a Government scout for many years and was actively engaged in the suppression of the Jessie James boys for which he received commendation from the Government. *Insano Rep 11-10-22*

## SOME INTERESTING FACTS ON MURDER OF LINCOLN

Good Friday Occurred on Anniversary of Death in  
1876, Contrary to General Belief—Will  
Occur in 1922 and 1933.

"Strange the impression that President Lincoln died on the same day that he was shot should be so general," said one of a group of Representatives last night. "Good Friday, April 14, 1865, was the date upon which the fatal shot was fired by Booth, the madman, in the old Ford's Theater, in Tenth street, but the President lingered until twenty-two minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of the next day. This point seems to have been overlooked in the general statement that Lincoln was assassinated on April 14."

To-day, then, and not yesterday, is the anniversary of the death of the first martyred President of the United States. He died, as is generally known, in the Oldroyd home, in Tenth street, whither he had been carried after the attack. The room in which he died, surrounded by a group of mourners whose grief was as sincere as it was sudden, has been preserved as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was when the sad event occurred. Of the small number

who stood about the bedside of the dying President, cut down by a dastard in the very hour when peace was insured by the surrender of Lee, the orphaned son, Robert T. Lincoln, remains.

The anniversary this year has peculiar interest in that there was one of the rare coincidences of dates. The Julian calendar, which marks the recurrence of days and dates, agreed with the lunar calendar that decides the movable feast of Easter. It was Good Friday, April 14, 1865, when the murderer's bullet was fired, and yesterday also was both Good Friday and April 14.

This coincidence has occurred only once since the fatal day, and that was in 1876. It will occur again in this century only in 1922, 1933, and 1995. The fact that of the four dates on which the dates agree in this century three should have double figures is also noteworthy—1911, 1922, and 1933.

As Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the moon that falls on or after March 21 in each year, there is a range of more than a month within which Easter may fall. Its dates of occurrence have ranged from March 21 to April 23 since the adoption of this method of fixing the great Christian festival, so that the recurrence of the date upon a given day is a notable occurrence, even when not associated with an event that made such a tremendous impression upon the civilized world, as did the attack upon the "Great Emancipator" forty-six years ago.

Q. Is it known what Lincoln was talking about at the time he was shot?—E. F.

A. It is recorded that he was saying that there was no city he so much desired to see as Jerusalem.



## DEATH RECALLS TRAGIC EVENT

*Pasadena Man Saw Lincoln  
Assassinated*

*Often Told of Scene Enacted  
at Ford Theater*

*Was Young Boy at Time of  
Tragedy*

By a "Times" Staff Correspondent  
PASADENA, Nov. 14.—One of the last surviving witnesses of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, Davis Hoover Moore, 77 years of age, died here late last night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Leah Fiedler, 1046 Locust street. He had lived in Pasadena only five months, having come here from Colorado Springs, his home for thirty years.

At an early age, Mr. Moore ran away from his Pennsylvania home at the beginning of the Civil War, and, being unable to join the army on account of his youth, became an orderly to a physician in the Medical Corps. In company with this officer he occupied a box in Ford's Theater in Washington on the night of the President's assassination.

He recalled vividly, his family says, the dramatic and tragic scene as John Wilkes Booth leaped to the stage after he had fired the fatal shot, the shouts and consternation that followed.

He is survived by a brother, J. O. Moore, Palmyra, Neb., and a sister, Miss Una Moore, of Virginia; by five sons, Guy, Fred and Hugh Moore, Dr. E. J. Moore of Everett, Wash., and Ray Moore of Billings, Mont., and by two daughters, Mrs. Leah Fiedler of Pasadena and Mrs. Bernice Fiedler of Los Angeles. The funeral will be held Monday afternoon at the Burnham undertaking establishment here.





**OLDEST INHABITANT  
SAW LINCOLN SHOT**

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH] 1926

LOUISA (Ky.) Feb. 27.—Rev. Jacob Coburn, 99 years of age, blind, a native of this county, is the latest to assert he was in Ford's Theater the night Lincoln was assassinated. He said: "I was one of the members of the military and so far as I know the last living eyewitness." Coburn was a member of Company I, Fifth Virginia Volunteers, in the Civil War.





# He Saw the Tragedy of April, '65



Andrew Jackson Huntoon

**T**HERE are few people living today who were present at Ford's theater in Washington on that never-to-be-forgotten night when President Abraham Lincoln was murdered by John Wilkes Booth. One of these is Dr. Andrew Jackson Huntoon, for many years a valuable official of the United States Civil Service Commission. In many respects Dr. Huntoon is one of the most remarkable men in the city of Washington. Despite the fact that he will be 92 years old on his next birthday, he is as active as the average man of 60. He hops on a street car every morning, in front of his residence near the Capitol, and rides to his office which is located a few blocks from the White House, where he puts in as good a day's work as anybody. Each afternoon when he quits work he takes a leisurely jaunt of two or three miles along Pennsylvania Avenue and the other prominent streets of the national capital.

Dr. Huntoon says the shooting of Lincoln, and the ensuing exciting events, were so indelibly impressed upon his memory, that they are just as clear to him today as they were an hour after the tragedy.

He attended the theater that night with his wife, and they occupied seats in the balcony directly facing the presidential party. It so happened there was no better point of vantage in the building. It was a gala night. The long unhappy war was at an end. The large fashionable audience was in a joyous mood, eager to manifest its deep love for the great President, and to celebrate the coming of peace, as well as to enjoy the theatrical performance. The audience was in the rarest of good humors. All seemed smiling and contented, and were engaged in saying pleasant things to one another.

Suddenly, without the least warning, came that awful pistol shot, which, for some seconds, paralyzed the audience. Down from the box to the stage leaped Booth.

"I turned to my wife," said Dr. Huntoon, "and told her that Lincoln was shot. When Booth reached the stage I distinctly heard him say: 'Sic Semper Tyrannis.' I know, of course, that this has been denied, particularly by W. J. Ferguson, who was a member of the theatrical company playing at Ford's that night, but they don't know what they are talking about. Booth positively did make that remark. I'll swear to it.

"When Booth leaped to the stage, he fell, but quickly recovered himself, and before the audience fully realized what had happened he had disappeared back of the stage, and escaped through the alley. I never witnessed such an exciting and distressing scene in all my life. All was in an uproar. Many men and women were crying like broken-hearted children. Several women fainted, and determined men hurled strong words at the brute who had shot our beloved President. I observed several agile men climbing up over the stage lights in an effort to find the assassin.

"I was nearby when the men carried Lincoln down. At first they were carrying him headfirst, and then turned him the other way, and thus carried him across the street to the house where he passed to his reward the following morning. I stood close enough to the stricken leader, when they reversed the position of his body, to have laid my hand upon his head.

"Never has there been such a wildly exciting night in Washington. Soon all sorts of terrible rumors were in circulation on the streets and homes. It was claimed, by some, that Secretary of State Seward and General Grant had both been murdered. It was a sleepless night for the people of Washing-

ton. I can never, never forget the awfulness of it.

"I attended the trial of the conspirators who were arrested for the murder of Lincoln. I listened to the testimony that was presented. During the intervening years a great many people have made the claim that Mrs. Surratt, one of the most prominent defendants, was not guilty and should not have been hanged. In my opinion she was absolutely guilty of complicity in the horrible crime, and the jury performed its clear duty in rendering such verdict.

"I met Boston Corbett, the United States soldier who shot Booth while he was barricaded in the barn over in Virginia, and secured his autograph. Corbett was a spectacular figure in Washington during the investigation and trial."

## MOTHER KNEW WEBSTER

Dr. Huntoon was born in the little town of Unity, Sullivan County, N. H., Dec. 4, 1831. His mother knew Daniel Webster, and many of the noted men and women of that period. The early life of this man of many summers and winters was devoted to school teaching. When President Lincoln asked for volunteers to put down the rebellion, Huntoon exchanged his teaching job for that of carrying—and using—a musket. After two years of service he was badly wounded at Chancellorsville, and left on the battlefield for dead. Ten days passed before he was removed from that unhappy predicament, and given medical attention. Notwithstanding this terrific experience, he was still full of fight. The moment his wound was healed he insisted upon going back to the front to participate in more scrapping, but thereafter he manipulated his sword with his left hand. Enlisting as a private, Mr. Huntoon was advanced to second lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain.

He was in Washington when Lincoln reviewed the Armies of the Potomac and the James. He was present when Lincoln delivered his last public address from a window at the White House. He has had the pleasure of being introduced and shaking hands with every President from Abraham Lincoln to Warren G. Harding. He has been a Mason for 56 years, and had the honor of being Commander of the Department of the Potomac of the Grand Army of the Republic.

At the close of the war he became identified with the government service in Washington, holding important positions in various departments ever since. His education was completed in the night schools of Washington.

He became well acquainted with General Grant, and expressed high praise for the manner in which he looked after the interests of former soldiers in getting places for them in different departments. He is particularly proud of the fact that his medical diploma was handed to him by General Grant on the night of his graduation.

Replying to the query as to how he has managed to retain his health and clearness of mind all these years, the genial old gentleman smiled, and replied: "Well, I've just lived natural, and took things as they came. I've walked several miles every day, I've eaten what I wanted, never loafed, kept reasonably cheerful, smoked good cigars,—but never got down to chewing."



100

1907

**ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO  
SAW LINCOLN SLAIN  
NEAR CENTURY MARK**

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Sept. 5.—(L. N.S.)—Preparations are being made in the village of Lisbon to honor Benjamin Church, who will observe his one hundredth birthday anniversary Sept. 26. He is believed to be the only man living who witnessed the shooting of Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865.





## OHIO VETERAN ASSERTS HE SAW LINCOLN SHOT

*Ex-Cavalryman Recalls Scene in  
Theatre and Killing of Booth  
Later by Soldiers.*

1927

FINDLAY, Ohio, Feb. 12 (P).—W. H. Roberts, Civil War veteran and said to be one of the few surviving witnesses of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14, 1865, recalled on Lincoln's anniversary today the scenes following the pistol shot which ended his life.

Roberts, then a cavalryman, declared that he was seated about thirty or forty feet from the President's box. Lincoln took his place in the flag-draped box and bowed as he received the ovation of the packed theatre, he said, and a moment later the curtain was rung up for the presentation of "Our American Cousin."

"The shot came in the midst of the play without warning," Roberts said. "Nearly every one feared, I believe, that the President had been the target of the gun."

"All appeared dazed for a moment, and then confusion prevailed as enraged spectators dashed toward the stage, to the street, or toward the spot where Lincoln had fallen."

It was then that John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, leaped on the stage and disappeared, said Roberts.

"A man leaped from the President's box to the stage, and a spur becoming entangled in the flags, threw him heavily to the floor," he continued. "Flourishing a dagger, Booth sprang to his feet and made his escape through the wings and a rear entrance."

Roberts said his unit was assigned to search for Booth and was on duty when he was found and shot. Roberts is commander of the Findlay G. A. R. Post.





# Eye-Witness Recalls Scene of Lincoln's Assassination

Los Angeles Woman, Actress in Ford's Theater the Night of Booth's Mad Act, Heard Fatal Shot, Saw Slayer Escape and Recumbent Form of Dying President Who a Few Months Before Had Saved Her Brother, a Captured Blockade Runner.

The approach of the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln has brought forth two memory pictures of the President, now given to the world in an interview by Mrs. Frank Wynkoop.

Mrs. Wynkoop, who is living in retirement in Los Angeles, is more than 70 years old. As a girl—as Miss Truman from Virginia—she accompanied her mother to the White House in 1864 to appeal to Lincoln for the life of her brother, who had been arrested as a blockade runner. The appeal was successful.

As a young actress a few months later, a member of the cast at Ford's theater, where Lincoln was shot, she heard the pistol of John Wilkes Booth a moment after the assassin, glancing toward the stage from the President's box, had nodded to her in recognition.

Mrs. Wynkoop's story follows.

**T**HE first time I saw President Lincoln was September 3, 1864. My mother and I had gone to Washington August 20 to see him in behalf of my brother—only a boy—who had been put in prison in Norfolk, Va., for running the blockade.

"Before going to Washington we had appealed to General Wolfe, in command at Norfolk at that time, for a release or a pardon, but were told that the only person possessing authority to grant it was the President.

"We did not know how to raise funds to get to Washington even after General Wolfe had given us a pass, as our worldly goods at that time consisted of a barrel or two of Confederate money which would buy us practically nothing

We had lived in the South for many years, our plantation had been the scene of several battles and our slaves had been taken from us.

"By pawning all the jewelry in the family we got to Washington. On arriving at the capital we took a carriage to the White House. The day was very warm. Mother, nearly exhausted, had to be helped up the steps by a soldier who was standing guard and I was fearful lest she collapse before we could see the President.

MOTHER FAINTED AT DOOR.

"I rang the door bell and a sentry appeared and asked our business. I told him we had come seeking an interview with the President. He said Mr. Lincoln was out of the city. At that, mother gasped and fell in a faint at the sentry's feet. A soldier rushed to her assistance and lifting her from the floor placed her on a haircloth sofa in the hall near the door and handed me a palm-leaf fan.

"The sentry, who was unable to leave the door, rang a bell and a negro in uniform answered. He was asked to send his wife—an experienced nurse who quickly revived my mother. Later a doctor appeared and finding we were strangers and from the South he took us to a private house, where we awaited the return of the President.

"We returned to the White House September 3 and found the same sentry at the door. In half an hour he took us to another guard, who stood at the door of the President's room. We were ushered in.

"When I saw President Lincoln for the first time, he was sitting at his desk. He turned as we entered and inquired pleasantly if he could be of any service to us. Mother could scarcely speak. Her sobs made her language incoherent.

"The President spoke to her in a calm, low tone and told her to rest a bit before telling her mission. When finally she told him of her only son in prison at Norfolk as a blockade runner, the President listened intently. When she had finished, he told her he would look into the matter and have it investigated. He advised her to get some rest and cease

her worry. We were told that a decision would be reached within a week or ten days and that she would be notified.

PRAYED AT PRESIDENT'S FEET.

"As I now remember the man, he was possessed of the most kindly face I have ever looked upon. While he was tall and perhaps ungainly in appearance he did not give any impression of awkwardness and his voice was moderate and kindly. One thing I noticed at this time and on later occasions when I saw him was that his necktie was always askew. But for this detail his dress was always immaculate.

"Mother was so overcome with his kindness that she knelt at his feet and uttered a prayer of thanks. Mr. Lincoln helped her to her feet and assured her it would be all right. He shook hands with both of us.

"After eight days mother could wait no longer. Our funds were nearly exhausted, so we went again to the White House. This time we were compelled to wait an hour or more and again reclined on that haircloth sofa in the hallway.

"We found the President remembered us. We were informed that my brother's case had been investigated and that another accusation—espionage—had been found against him. But as there was no proof that he was a spy the President had granted a pardon and he said it had been forwarded to General Wolfe.

"Mother's gratitude knew no bounds.

The President said he appreciated her thanks and wished us a safe journey on our departure. Our joy was so great that we were both in a near state of collapse as we left the White House. I remember now how hot the day was and how I longed to ask the President for a drink of water when we were in his office, but was afraid. Mr. Lincoln did not seem to mind the heat, however, and appeared very cool and comfortable during the interview.

"Mother returned to Norfolk, but I remained to secure employment.

AT FORD'S THEATER.

"Deciding that I would attempt a theatrical career I first applied to John T. Ford at his theater on Tenth street and was very lucky, being engaged for the season, which began September 22, 1864.

"One visit of Mrs. Lincoln to our theater I recall very vividly. It was at the time we were playing 'Camille.' Mrs. Lincoln appeared with a large party of women and during the play all of the women, including Mrs. Lincoln, enjoyed a good cry.

"Later President Lincoln again appeared at the theater, having returned from the front, and was a spectator at performances of 'Married Life' and 'The Rough Diamond.' One remarkable thing about the President as I remember was the fact that, although he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the plays, he seldom applauded. His smiles were infrequent, too, and he would generally sit in the corner of the box away from the stage and hold the curtain so that people would not stare at him. He was among the few theatergoers of the day, however, who always remained for the farce, it then being the custom to stage a farce or comedy following the drama.

"It was the evening of Friday, April 14, 1865, when Laura Keane, Harry Hawk and John Dyatt were appearing in 'The American Cousin,' that President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln appeared in the President's box. We were all notified of the fact and I managed to look into the box and saw that Mrs. Lincoln had on a new spring dress of a small pinhead check gray silk, with a

bonnet of the same material. Previous to this time she had appeared always in evening dress. We all remarked on the change.

"I later learned that General Grant had been invited to accompany the party, but was unable to attend. As it had been announced the President and the commanding officer of the Union forces would appear, the house was crowded.

RECOGNIZED BY ASSASSIN.

"Everything started smoothly and quietly and after coming off the stage from a front scene I tarried for a moment in the wings and, looking to the President's box, noticed John Wilkes Booth standing in the corner near its entrance. At first I thought it peculiar that he should be standing there, but remembered that it was often the custom of actors and actresses to go to the President's box for introduction.

"Booth saw me gazing at him and returned my nod of recognition. Then I turned to go to my dressing room. I had taken only a few steps when I heard a pistol shot. There was no shooting in the play. Then I heard a woman scream.

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"I shall never forget that shriek of horror. Looking toward the box I saw it was Mrs. Lincoln who was screaming.

"Just then I saw a man rushing toward me. His face pale and drawn, I recognized him as John Wilkes Booth. Jennie Gourley, now Jennie Gourley Struthers, another actress, had by this time reached my side. As Booth passed in his flight he lunged at us with a knife in his right hand. He slashed Miss Gourley's gown.

"The scene that followed has always been a nightmare to me. I stood at the first entrance opposite the President's box, so shocked I could not move. The audience was in a panic. Laura Keane, the leading woman, rushed up; I saw her hold the head of the President in her lap. The blood from his wound fell on her gown. She seemed to be the coolest person in the house. She gave directions for summoning physicians.

#### ALL DESIRED TO HELP.

"It was very difficult to get the people out of the house even after the President had been removed. All seemed to be groping for a way to lend a helping hand, but no one had any definite idea as to the actual situation.

"With the death of the President next day, Washington turned to a city of mourning.

"All members of our company were under suspicion for several days. While not placed under arrest, we were told we must not leave the city and all our mail was received and delivered to us at the war department. Being from Virginia I was unable to get away from Washington until the next autumn."

Mrs. Wynkoop says two other members of the company which played at Ford's theater that evening are still alive. She recently received a card from Jennie Gourley Struthers, who was living in Milford, Pa. The other is William Ferguson.



MRS. FRANK WYNKOOP, ONE OF THE FEW NOW LIVING WHO WERE PRESENT WHEN LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED.

KANSAS CITY STAR, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1925.



# AUDIENCE PUZZLED AS SHOT RANG OUT

**Great Turmoil Arose After Announcement, but Was Soon Controlled.**

Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 12.—An eye witness to the greatest murder in modern history, the assassination of President Lincoln, who was born 115 years ago today, lives in the mountain town of Hazard, Kentucky, about 125 miles east of here.

He is D. C. Richards, known to his mountain friends as "Dad," for many years a newspaper correspondent in Knoxville, Tenn., and now an accountant, who is, as he expresses it, "74 years young."

When he was 15 years old, his father, at that time manager of a large rolling mill company in Pennsylvania, decided to take him to Washington. His father had taken an active part in politics, and had stumped the iron and coal districts of Pennsylvania for President Lincoln in his second race and was a great admirer of the President. He told his son that he wanted him to see Abraham Lincoln and that he could arrange for him to shake hands with the President.

## Buy Theater Tickets.

Following is Mr. Richards' story of what happened:

"On the morning of April 14, 1865, father and I entered the city of Washington. There was much excitement, men throwing up their hats, bands playing, soldiers marching, so that it was impossible to reach the ears of the proper officials to arrange to see the President on that day.

"The Civil war was just ended and the people of Washington were parading the streets with flags and bunting, and every building was decorated with Stars and Stripes. The President was busy in consultation with his cabinet and officials, and we found that it was utterly impossible to see him on that day, and we decided to wait another day. We bought an afternoon paper and read that President Lincoln would be at Ford's theater occupying the President's box on that night.

"Father said to me, 'We will at least get to see the President at the theater if we can get tickets. It was the first time that either had ever been in a theater and the price of the tickets bought through scalpers was \$2.50 each, a big sum in the eyes of father, who often spoke of it afterward.

"We reached Ford's theater long before the time for the doors to open, having to stand in line. Everybody, especially those who lived in Washington, was speaking of the new play to be produced for the first time. 'The American Cousin.' But the strangers and visitors, like ourselves, seemed more interested in expecting to obtain a glance at the President.

## Lincoln Greets Audience.

"After being shown to our seats about the center of the auditorium, it was not long before the orchestra began playing 'Hail to the Chief' and the whole audience rose to its feet as the President entered his box, walked to the front and bowed to the right and then to the left. I can see him now for it made a deep impression on my mind; he stood at the front of the box slightly stooped and holding the 'stovepipe' hat in his right hand while the audience cheered.

"As soon as the President had taken his seat, the curtain was raised and the play began. It went smoothly for at least fifteen minutes or more; the stage was cleared and there was a pause. It seemed that there was a break in the play, that some one had failed to come on or had missed his cue. It seemed to me that this wait was a minute, but I doubt if it was that long.

"Then there was a report; no one in the audience knew what it meant; and just at that time a man appeared in the center of the stage, having come from some place near the side of the stage. He reached to the floor, seemed to stumble and then, standing erect, with his right hand uplifted and holding a dagger in it, said something which I, of course, did not understand, but which was afterward learned to be 'Sic Semper Tyrannis,' and then passed out to one side.

## Audience in Turmoil.

"It was all very strange to me and I remember wondering if it was a part of the play; I remember that my father thought it was.

"It was nearly five minutes before the announcement was made that the President was shot and then that vast crowd started as if it would go to the stage. Luckily they were stopped by the presence of mind of the leader of the orchestra, who started the music that caused a halt, and that gave some one a chance to inform the audience that the assassin had gone to the rear of the building and had mounted a horse and was on his way to the long bridge headed to the south. In the excitement we finally made our way back to our hotel.

"I distinctly remember the morning of April 15. There was an awful silence all around; it seemed as if the people walked on their tiptoes on the sidewalks; there was no sign of the gaiety of the day before; there was no sound of music and the buildings so gaily decorated the day before were now being draped in mourning. The scene was one I shall never forget and now as I think of that day when we left the capital it seems as though it was but a short time since the greatest tragedy in the history of our country was enacted.

## Sees Hand of Deity.

"I want to make this further statement. Now, after fifty-five years, this land of ours, grown from a population of a little less than 50,000,000 to over 100,000,000, from a divided people to a united people, from a small and comparatively insignificant nation to one that stands at the head of all the nations of the earth, I see the hand of God in it all and my hope and prayer is that in our present condition of unrest and dissatisfaction and discord, may the day soon come when there will be heard the voice of Him who stilled the storm on Gallilee, saying in words strong and clear, 'Peace, be still.'"

Mr. Richards was born in Danville, Pa. His father, an experienced iron worker, came to the United States from Wales in 1842. The elder Richards became superintendent of a rolling mill company in the coal and iron district of Pennsylvania. In 1864 his father and uncles went to Tennessee and organized what now is known as the Knoxville Iron company.

Young Richards attended the public schools of Pennsylvania and was graduated from the Columbia Classical Institute. It was while he was attending this school that his father took him to Washington.

# Lincoln's Main Quality

By John Carlyle.

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What do you find the most inspiring attribute of Abraham Lincoln, that lank and lovable leader of a doubting commonwealth, whose birthday we mark today? I say a doubting commonwealth because Abraham Lincoln never rested in that comfort that might have come from unity in his own national household. He never knew that unanimity of opinion which he so sorely needed to hold up his arms in the drear, staggering days of defeat and disillusionment.

Though everlastingly convinced that he is right in the thing he is attempting to do, a man must come near the breaking point unless he regularly receives the reassurances of his fellows. In some of the cruelest crises of his life and work that is what Lincoln lacked.

When he began to think a thing through he had both the courage and the intelligence to think it through to the end. There was no turning back with Lincoln, though the way was steep and rough. He hoped to come beyond the hillcrest, over on the plains of peace, but he never knew the plains of peace were there. He just kept on.

Lincoln had a simple, clear-functioning sense of justice. That does not mean that he merely appreciated justice as an abstract good, that he detected its place in life and recognized it freely in the lives and habits of others. It means that he had the passion for justice within himself.

George Eliot once said: "Who shall put his finger on the work of justice and say, 'It is there?' Justice is like the Kingdom of God: it is not without us as a fact; it is within us as a great yearning."

So with Lincoln and justice.

Lincoln had sympathy. He looked upon his fellows, those who were fighting him as well as those who were with him, with sympathetic interest, with understanding and with pity. His amazing generosity to the South at the close of the Civil War was not needed to prove the truth and sweetness of this quality.

Did you ever stop to think that no really great man in the whole history of the world was ever hard-boiled?

Last and yet first, chief of all the outstanding marks of character, Lincoln had patience.

Beset by the grim evidence of failure, by all the insignia of defeat, by the threatened collapse of the whole national structure, Lincoln plods on—not in shining armor but patiently, patiently, patiently.

The great victories of the personal life are won by patience. The great battles of earth have been won by patience.

We are at the root of his character. Patience, indomitable, shall be set down as the major quality of the Greatest American.



*Ch. Harriet Van Pelt*

# A GIRL OF 1865 TELLS OF SEEING LINCOLN SHOT

2/12/36

## Memories of Tragic Night Revived.

### Freedom Carries On

Abraham Lincoln's goal of a "new birth of freedom"—as expressed in the Gettysburg address—sounds the keynote for Chicago's observance today of the great emancipator's birth 127 years ago. Commemorative ceremonies will be held throughout the city, closing with a great meeting tonight in the Civic Opera house. Details on page 3.

BY VIRGINIA GARDNER.

(Pictures on back page.)

When Abraham Lincoln, whose 127th birthday anniversary will be celebrated today, was assassinated in Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865, a witness of the tragedy from the first row of the balcony was a girl of 18. This girl is now Mrs. Harriet Van Pelt, who for most of her life has been a resident of Michigan City, Ind. She will be 89 years old next April 12.

A slender little woman with bright brown eyes and snow white hair, Mrs. Van Pelt, in her rooms in the Sheridan Beach hotel in the Indiana lakeside city, recalled yesterday the dramatic moment when the shot rang out in the theater.

Mrs. Van Pelt, then Miss Harriet Sherman, with her older sister, Nancy, both in their last year at the Cleveland Female seminary, had gone to Washington to spend Easter vacation with their uncle, George Hartwell, connected with the patent office there, and his wife, Rose.

#### Father a Surgeon in Army.

Their father, Dr. Mason G. Sherman of Michigan City, a surgeon in the Union army, wanted his daughters to have a little gaiety during their holidays. Their home, he felt, would be too sorrowful for them, Mrs. Van Pelt said, as their mother had been killed shortly before by the bursting of a rocket at a victory celebration.

The girls had been taken to the President's reception in the White House by their aunt and uncle, and had shaken the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. They had witnessed a parade. The streets were hung in bunting. The capital was dramatic with joyous celebration over the ending of the civil war.

Dazzled by this brilliance, the boarding school misses accompanied their aunt and uncle to the theater, where the President and Mrs. Lincoln were to appear in a box as a climax of the week's festivities.

#### Harriet Sees the Tragedy.

Although intrigued by the play, "Our American Cousin," the two girls could not let their glances stray for long from the President's flag draped box, Mrs. Van Pelt said.

Harriet was looking toward this box just as John Wilkes Booth stepped into it.

"I thought it was some theater attendant," she said. "The box was about 25 or 30 feet away, to the right of our seats. A moment later a shot was heard. I recall nothing of Maj. Rathbone's grappling with Booth and being stabbed by the assassin, nor of Booth leaping to the stage from the front railing of the box, although these things happened. I remember only the President's head on the shoulder of Mrs. Lincoln, and hearing some one say quietly, 'Mr. Lincoln has been shot.'"

#### Audience in Confusion.

"The curtain was rung down, which left the house in darkness for a moment. Every one was confused. A sort of paralysis gripped the house. Then the lights were turned on.

"I saw the President being carried out of the box. After he had been removed from the theater and taken to a boarding house across the street, the throngs made their way out of the theater stunned. The next day we returned to school. Among my schoolmates there to whom I told my experience in witnessing the tragedy was Ida Saxton, later the wife of President McKinley [who died of an assassin's bullet Sept. 14, 1901]."

On May 1 President Lincoln's funeral train stopped beneath an elaborate arch in Michigan City. Among the elderly residents who recall that scene is Martin T. Krueger, former mayor of Michigan City, now an Indiana legislator.

A group of Chicagoans met the

train and accompanied the body to Chicago and then to Springfield. Among the Michigan City young women who escorted the body to Chicago was Harriet, dressed in white like the others.

The next year Harriet married Maj. John Simpson of the 59th Indiana infantry, who had served under Gen. Grant and had marched with Harriet's second cousin, Gen. Sherman, to the sea. Ten years Harriet's senior, Maj. Simpson had told her mother when she was a little girl that he would "wait until Hattie grew up" and marry her. She married again after his death.

For 20 years Mrs. Van Pelt lived

in the Lexington hotel here, then returned to Michigan City.

Witnessing the President's assassination did not dim her enthusiasm for the theater. She "loves bridge, the movies, and the stage," reads a great deal and without glasses, and says she feels as she did when she was 18, except that she "can't get around as rapidly."

Mrs. Van Pelt showed the feminine reticence of her generation toward personal publicity and was extremely reluctant to be photographed for the first time for a newspaper.







**WITNESSED LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION** — Mrs. Harriet Van Pelt of Michigan City, who, as a girl, sat in Ford's theater and witnessed assassination of Abraham Lincoln, with Lincoln portrait printed in Chicago Tribune.

[TRIBUNE Photo.]

*(Story on page 1.)*





EVIDENCES  
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DRAWER 13A

ASSASSINATION

